I'm Dreaming of a Cheshire Easter

A Prologue

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The Cheshire Cat grinned an inane kind of a grin. He had a large variety of grins, which he would use on various special occasions, and this was a particularly inane sort of a grin, for he had Guests. He was spread on a sort of regal russian rug, carefully embroidered with all sorts of different patterns zig-zagging across each other, arguing over which one ought to be on the top, and this had been thrown carelessly upon a windowsill that looked for all the world like it was trying to escape into the spring-time country outside. The lambs gambolled in the fields, as lambs are apt to do; the daffodils swayed in the fields, as daffodils are apt to do; and the politicians walked around kicking puppies in the fields, as politicians are apt to do.

The Cheshire Cat sat on a Cheshire Rug in his Cheshire House dreaming Cheshire dreams of days long past — and feeling very grateful that he wasn't the Merseyside Cat, as Cheshire was a much better name. He suddenly remembered about the Guest, and grinned a little wider — in a vapid sort of manner, that being how he grinned.

"Hello," you said, poking your head round the Cheshire Door and looking into the Cheshire House, "I don't suppose you have such a thing as a story about you, by any chance?"

When he saw you arrive, he frisked his tail in such a very frisky sort of a manner that you thought it a most frisky tail indeed. "Well," said the Cat, "I may well do, but then again, I may not. You never can tell with stories. Except, of course, when you can."

By this point, of course, you were feeling a little confused, and said so.

"Oh dear," you said, "I'm feeling a little confused."

"There's no need to repeat yourself," said the Cat, good-naturedly.

"But I didn't repeat myself!" you said, rather indignantly.

"Indeed you did," said the Cat, "Once in your head, and once out loud."

"But if I didn't say it out loud," you said, "you wouldn't know what I had said."

"Ah," said the Cat, "but if you only said it out loud, *then* I should."

Well, you weren't quite sure what to say to that, so you said:

"How about that story?"

"How *about* that story?" asked the Cat.

"Well, would you very kindly mind telling it?"

"There are many stories," said the Cat enigmatically, "within my Cheshire House. Won't you come in and see?" So you did. You came in, and you looked, and you saw, and there were all the stories, hanging there suspended in space like brilliant, glittering jewels, shining, sparkling in the morning light, and in you came, you weary traveller from parts unknown, and you took the chocolate egg that the Cat had very kindly passed you, and the stories you saw! Stories of Archons and Abraytha and Everywhere, of Lotto and Lords and Luca, of SAM and Shamblers and *Zadellin*, of worlds beyond your wildest dreams, and in you went, into a whole new world of adventure.

And the Cheshire Cat faded away behind you just as if he had never been there.